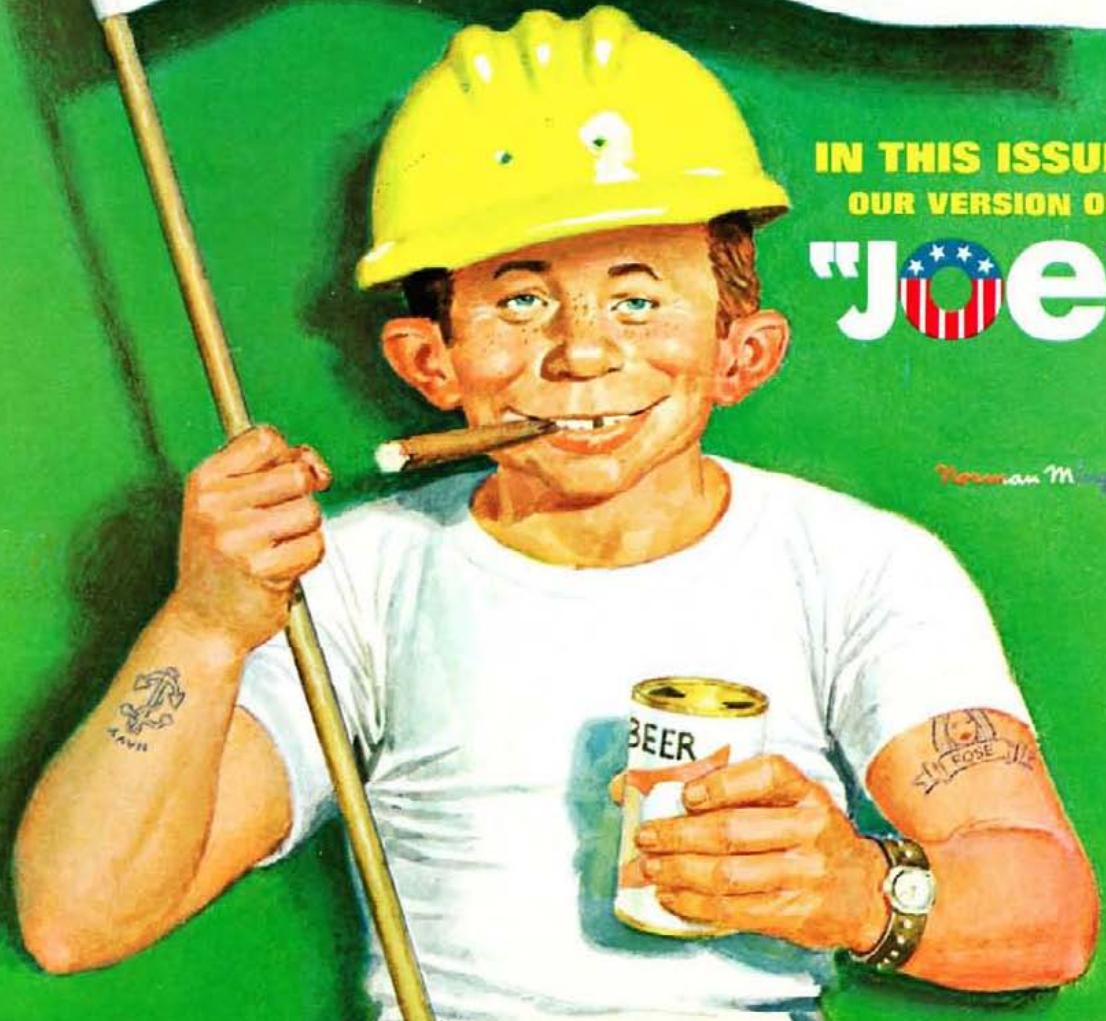


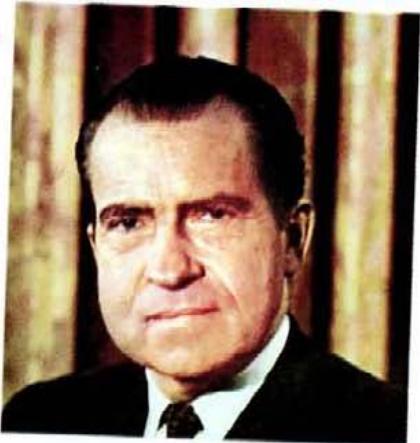
MMAD
BUY IT... OR LEAVE IT!

IN THIS ISSUE:
OUR VERSION OF
"Joe"

Norman Mailer



NIXON WAS
THE ONE IN '68...



HE'LL BE A
BIGGER ONE IN '72!

LET
IT
ALL
HANG
UP!

PAPER YOUR PAD
WITH PROVOCATIVE
PROCLAMATIONS!

YOU GET

16

WIPE OUT HATE!



MAD MINI-POSTERS

SUPPORT
MENTAL
ILLNESS



AS THE
FULL-COLOR
BONUS IN
THIS LATEST
SPECIAL
ISSUE:



JOIN
THE WEATHERMEN

THE WORLD IS



GOING TO POT!

"MAD SPECIAL NUMBER FOUR"

NOW ON DISPLAY WHEREVER MAGAZINES ARE SOLD (OR PEEKED AT FOR FREE!)

MAD

"Nowadays, most bank accounts need month-to-month resuscitation!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,
CURTIS ANDERSON *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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"SHMOE"
(A MAD
MOVIE
SATIRE)
Pg. 4



THE MAD
NON-SMOKERS
HATE
BOOK
Pg. 10



AN INSIDE
LOOK WITH
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"THE F.I.B."
(A MAD
TV SHOW
SATIRE)
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BEHIND THE
SCENES AT A
RECORDING
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"INCREDIBLE
OCCULT"
(A MAGAZINE
SATIRE)
Pg. 41

COMMUNISM REVISITED

Cheers for "Communism Revisited"! Not only did you shoot down your own cover theme by bringing out such a fine article, but you showed with the greatest clarity what each side was all about.

Steven Haley
Peterborough, Ont.
Canada

As a college student who is constantly bombarded with the advantages of Communism and "the Revolution," it was a relief to read Max Brandel's article exposing Communism and all its hypocrisy. Thanks for turning me on.

Drew Hegeman
University Park, Pa.

Brandel sees through (as in all of his articles) the hypocrisy of those "Eternal Truths." "Communism Revisited" is a brilliantly conceived article.

John S. Thomas
Winchester, Va.

Make sure the Kremlin and Mao get their copies soon!

Peter Sprigg
Berwyn, Pa.

You could have balanced it out with some quotes of *our* politicians like "equality" and "freedom."

(No name given)
Lynbrook, N.Y.

WHAT IS A PARENT?

I was amazed at "What Is A Parent?" Almost every example was true for me. When did Tom Koch, the writer, meet my parents?

Ann Cardillo
Providence, R.I.

"What Is A Parent?" was uncouth, underhanded, disrespectful, and one of the best articles you've done in ages!

Stephen Eisenbaugh
Manassas, Va.

My Mom suggested you do one on kids!

Diane Emmons
Glendale, Calif.

We wonder if we'll have to do much of a re-write on this same article, twenty years from now.—Ed.

MY THREE SONNY BOYS

Your satire of "My Three Sons" was great. Angelo Torres and Arnie Kogen did an excellent job. The funniest part is, it sounded like the real show!

Mark Houlton
Worcester, Mass.

... it tickled my Sonnybone!
Tony Wolff
Philadelphia, Pa.

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**TEN
MILLION
SOLD**

Yep, we can assume that ten million readers of MAD Magazine are sold on the idea that these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-De-Worry?" kid, suitable for framing or wrapping fish, aren't worth the paper they're printed on. Because that's how many readers we've got who still haven't ordered them. However, if you'd like to join the 71 suckers who have bought them, mail 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, \$1.00 for 9, \$2.00 for 27 or \$4.00 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022



HIPPIE HUNTING GROUND DEPT.

A few issues back (MAD #140 to be exact!), we presented a MAD movie called "PUT★ON." It was about one of the roughest, toughest, foul-mouthed characters who ever lived. Well, you may not believe this, but "PUT★ON" was a "pussycat" when stacked up alongside the hero of this issue's MAD movie! Say "Hello!" to a guy named...

Shan

But before we introduce you to this middle-aged hard-hat, first you gotta

Hi! My name is Melistless Compost! I'm a typical, normal level-headed teenage girl who has left her two adoring parents and a Park Avenue life of wealth and affluence to find meaningful answers to life... and to achieve total fulfillment with the man of my dreams!

Hi! I'm the man of her dreams!

Listen, when you're on what I'M on... these are the dreams, folks!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

I'm worried, Hank! Popping pills is one thing... but you start taking baths and the next thing you know, you'll be on the hard stuff, like deodorant and cologne!!

Don't worry! I can handle it! I know when to stop!



Surprise, Hank! Look what I got you for your birthday!

Melistless! You shouldn't have! Wow! A monogrammed needle and a matching rubber hose! It must've cost you a fortune!

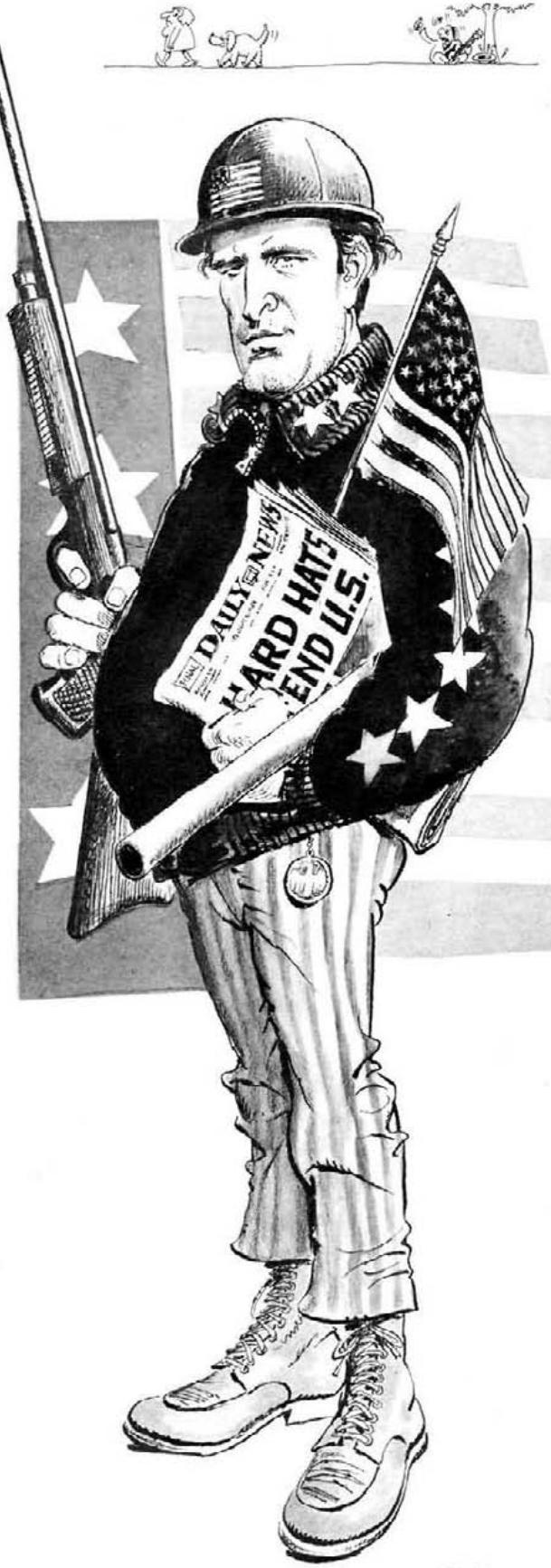
It wasn't very much! Our family pusher is having a Pre-Halloween Clearance Sale!

Gee, Melistless, you're so good to me! I guess I'm just about the luckiest freak in the world!



Joe

meet a couple of teen-aged soft-heads...



Hank, our life together is so **beautiful**, it scares me! I mean, sometimes I don't think I **deserve** you! After all, what have I got? Money, family, breeding... **NOTHING!** While you... you've got acid poisoning. V.D., the plague, **EVERYTHING!!**

Stick with me, baby, and some day it'll all be **YOURS!!**



Who said anything about **PLANES??!**

The weather is terrible! This is no night for flying!

It sure ain't! Right now, there are thirty freaked-out Yippies stacked up over The Brooklyn Bridge!



I'm Bull Compost, the wealthy Park Avenue advertising executive! Where's my spoiled daughter, Melistless?

She just flew out of town for a fix!

Where'd she fly to?
Brooklyn!

Don't give me that! Planes don't fly from New York to Brooklyn!!



You—you're destroying my daughter! I ought to **KILL** you!!

DEATH?! Gee, I don't know if I dig that kick! O.K. I'll try it!

What do you mean, you'll try it?!
Man, I'll try **ANYTHING** once!!



I say we grab all the *%&%\$# Blacks and all the *%&%\$# Jews and all the *%&%\$# Catholics and Protestants and line 'em up against a wall an' kick 'em in the *%&%\$#@ and teach 'em a thing or two!

What do you wanna teach 'em, Shmoe?

For one thing... tolerance!

YEAH!

YEAH!

AMEN!



GET OUT OF THIS COUNTRY ALL YOU *%&%\$# BLACK, JEWISH, CATHOLIC, PROTESTANT COMMIE PERVERTS! GET LOST, ALL YOU *%&%\$# MORMONS! GO BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM, ALL YOU *%&%\$# INDIANS! GET OUT, ALL YOU *%&%\$# PINKO LIBERAL TRAITORS!!

Shmoe, before you break my eardrums, tell me... who do you speak for?

THE SILENT MAJORITY!!







Who gets the medium rare beer?

Look, don't worry about your daughter, Compost! We'll find her! Meanwhile, I got an exciting month planned for us! Next week, we go out and beat up some Polacks. The week after that, we kick around some Jews! The third week, we punch a few Quakers! Then we're off for seven days!

How come we're off?

I NEVER work during Brotherhood Week!

Why don't you broads clean the dishes—while I show Bull my pride and joy!

Clean the dishes?! But . . . they're paper plates!

That's okay! I'll scrape, and you erase!



Yep, this is what America is all about! This is what we work for and save for and sacrifice for . . .!

Gee, I'd really LIKE to meet your kids!

WHAT KIDS?! I mean my GUNS!!

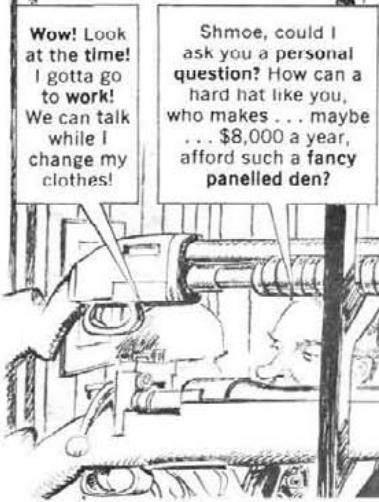
BETTER DEAD THAN UNLEASH CHIANG KAI-SHEK

Wow! Look at the time! I gotta go to work! We can talk while I change my clothes!

Shmoe, could I ask you a personal question? How can a hard hat like you, who makes . . . maybe . . . \$8,000 a year, afford such a fancy panelled den?

Bull, I'm gonna let you in on a secret! I'm something much more important than a construction worker! And I make a lot more money than you think!

You mean . . . you're really NOT a Silent Majority Middle American who hates Minority groups??



Of course I am! But I actually live TWO DIFFERENT LIVES!!

By night, I'm the dirty slob YOU know . . . and by day, I'm the clean slob EVERYBODY knows!

First. . . I put on the old toupee! Then . . . I put on the make-up to give the eyes the old familiar squint! Then . . . I put on the business suit . . .

... and—VOILA!

No wonder I never see you two photographed together!!



WHERE THERE'S SMOKE, THERE'S IRE DEPT.

Here we go with another MAD "Hate Book" ... those little gems calculated to make MAD readers feel better by blowing off steam about their pet hates. Since non-smokers are the most intolerant people in the world when it comes to smokers, all of you smokers

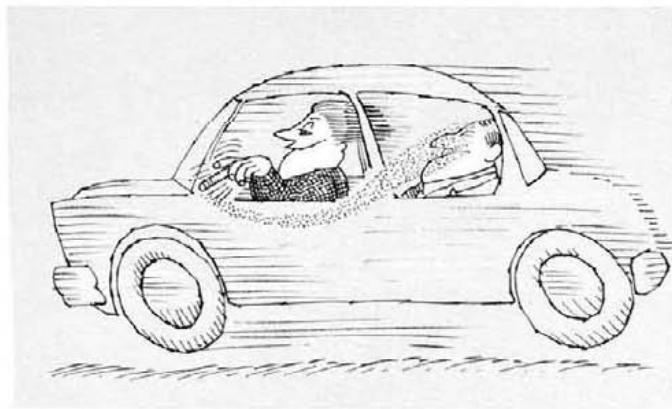
THE MAD NON-SMOKER



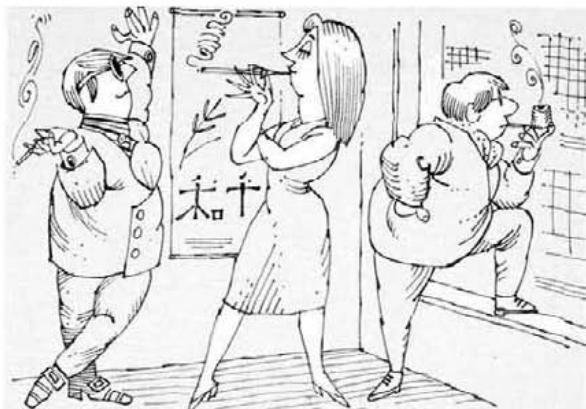
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
... put out butts in dishes of food while you're still eating!



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
... smoke while they cook!



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
... flick their ashes out windows of fast-moving
cars when you're sitting in the rear seat!



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
... affect phony smoking poses that are supposed
to make them look smart and sophisticated!



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
... bore you with the details of their experiences
every time they attempted to give up smoking!



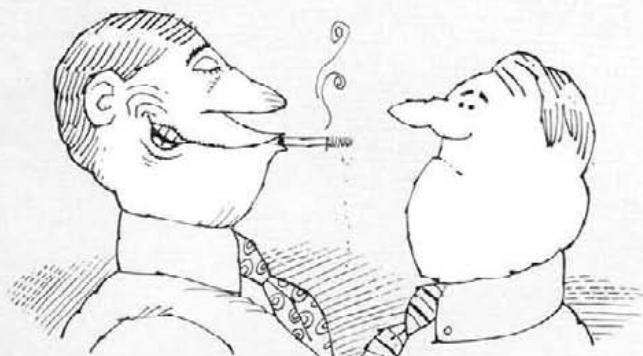
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
... add yet another butt to a full ashtray
without ever once thinking of emptying it!



better skip this article. Because it's calculated to make non-smoking MAD readers feel better by blowing off steam about people who, in addition to being addicted to the disgusting habit of smoking, also have disgusting smoking habits. Here, then, Gang, is...

SMOKERS HATE BOOK

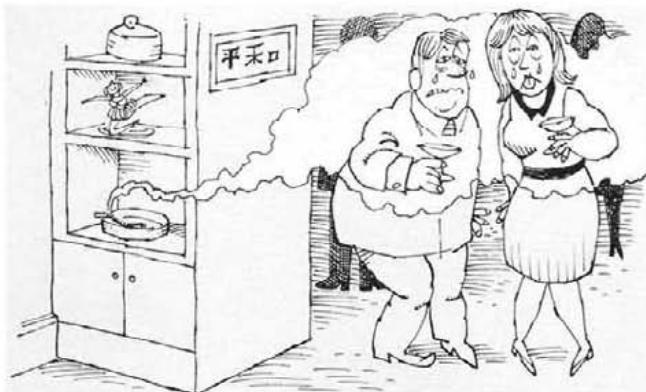
ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
... talk without ever removing their cigarette from their mouth!



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
... never hit the ashtray no matter how big it is!



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
... let their cigarettes burn out in ashtrays,
causing the nearest thing to a tear gas attack!



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
... are cutting down on smoking by not carrying any,
but who smoke as much as ever by borrowing!



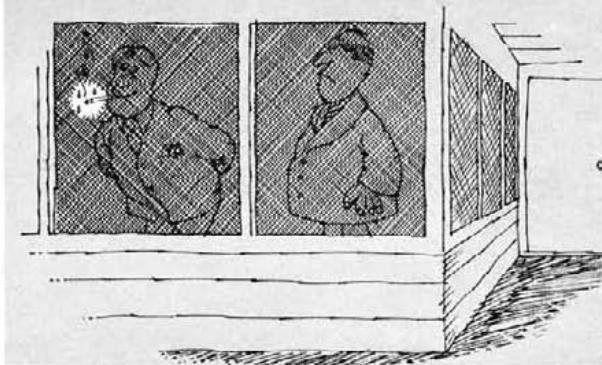
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
... insist upon lighting up while visiting someone
who's in the hospital with a respiratory illness!



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
... inflict their particular tastes in nauseating
pipe tobacco aromas on an entire gathering!



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
... stuff auto ashtrays so full they're impossible to remove!



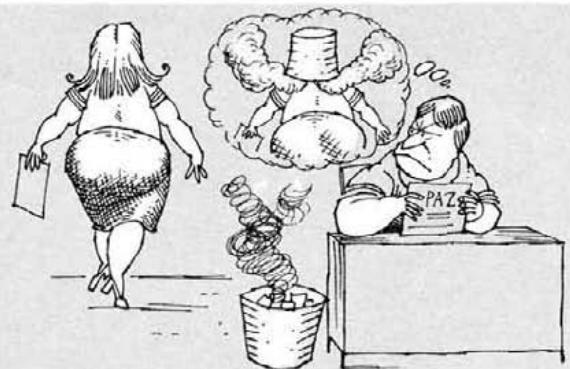
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
... stupidly lean into plastic screens!



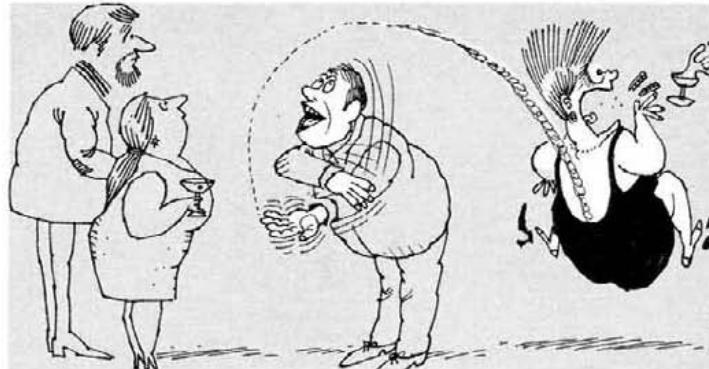
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
... always have tobacco spittle running down their chins!



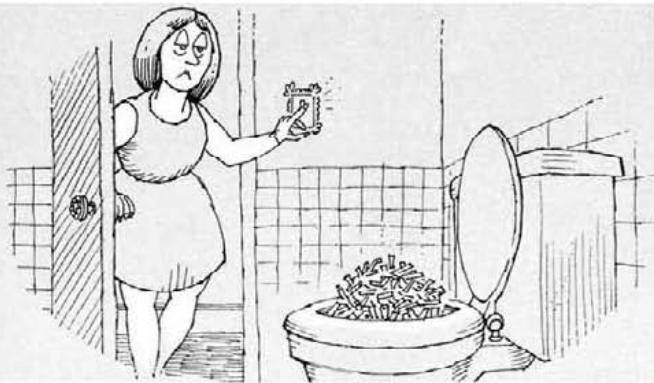
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
... flick cigarette butts out windows!



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
... throw butts that are still alive in wastebaskets!



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
... do tricks with lighted cigarettes!



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
... dump ashtrays in toilets!



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
... insist upon smoking in crowded places!



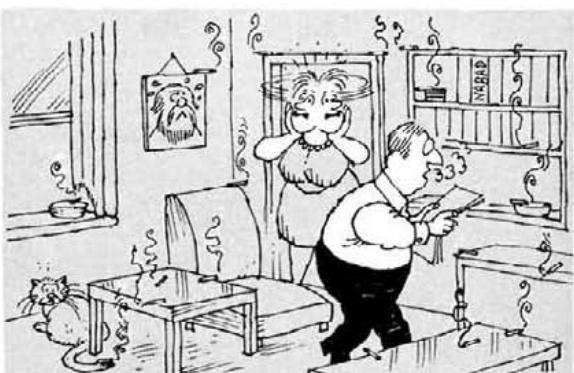
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
... keep grinding out a butt till it's time to light another!



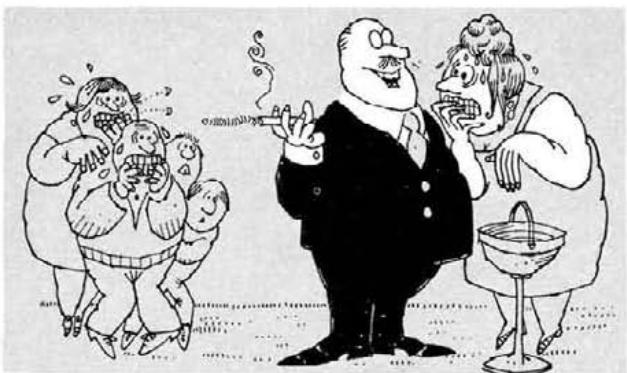
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
... sneak smokes in "No Smoking" areas!



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
... tap their pipes on any handy surface to clean them!



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
... never remember where they leave burning cigarettes!



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
... wait forever before flicking their ashes!



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
... always say, "It's good for the rug!"



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
... are dentists or doctors and work on you between puffs!



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
... are constantly spitting out bits of tobacco!

MEDI-SCARE DEPT.

Hey, gang! Here we go again in our never-ending quest for new inspirations for Hollywood

NEW MOVIE MONSTERS

THEY CAME BY DAY . . . THEY CAME BY NIGHT . . .
DRAWING THE BLOOD FROM THEIR VICTIM'S VEINS!

*And when it came time to operate, they
put it all back . . . and charged for it!*

"THE BLOOD-TEST VAMPIRES"



Starring:

BLOODY EBSEN * John Artery CARNEY * George VESSEL & Pipette LAURIE

THIS PICTURE IS RATED O +

SEE THE UNSPEAKABLE BLOBS THAT
MADE WOMEN FAINT AT THEIR SIGHT
AND STRONG MEN'S STOMACHS TURN!

"THE HORRORS OF THE HOSPITAL DIET"



STARRING:

Elisha COOK with Stew GRANGER Steam McQUEEN Broil IVES David FRY & Milton BOIL

"Horror Films". This time, MAD suggests that Producers of these bombs can create...

from the MEDICAL WORLD

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: E. NELSON BRIDWELL

WHY DID THE SADISTIC WHITE SPECTRE WAKE HIM
FROM A FITFUL SLEEP AT THE STROKE OF TWELVE?

WHAT AWFUL THINGS DID SHE FORCE HIM TO SWALLOW?

SEE THE NURSE, WITH HIS MEDICINE, SUBJECT HIM TO

"THE COLD HAND AT MIDNIGHT"



WHAT WAS IT THAT...
FRIGHTENED POLITICIANS—
TERRIFIED BUSINESSMEN—
PANICKED THE WHOLE A.M.A.?

IT WAS...

"THE MENACE OF MEDICARE!"



WITH

HY INCOME	DEE SEEVER	HARPO CONDRIAC	OLDEN SICK
 as the Doctor who padded his claims	 as the Nurse who raised her rates	 as the Patient who sponged off the Government	 as the Needy Man caught in a tangle of red tape

WHAT WAS
THE HORRIBLE
ICY TOUCH

THAT CHILLED
MEN'S HEARTS?



It was the
Stethoscope...in

“THE
ORDEAL
OF THE
CHECK-UP”

WITH

Tapper * Prober * Poker * Phil D.
KNEE * GROIN * GUTT * GLANZ & Luke N.
DeMOUTH

HE RANG AND RANG AND RANG! HE CRIED OUT
TIME AND TIME AND TIME AGAIN! BUT NO ONE
CAME! WHAT WAS THE AWFUL ANSWER TO . . .

“THE MYSTERY OF THE
VANISHING
NURSE”



WHAT WERE THESE STRANGE CONCOCTIONS? WHY DID THEY TASTE SO TERRIBLE . . . AND COST SO MUCH?
THEY WERE MEDICINES THAT GREW AND MULTIPLIED IN THE BATHROOM CABINET UNTIL THEY BECAME . . .

“THE THINGS IN THE BOTTLES”



STARRING:

PENNY * TERRY * AL K. * DONNA * LIZ * ANNA * KAY * ABE * SARAH * JERRY * ROBERT * MEG & CORA SYDIN as
SILLIN * MYSIN * SELTZER * GEL * TUREEN * SINN * O'PECTATE * ZORBEEN, JR. * TAN * TOLL * TUSSIN * NESIA & Auntie Histamine

THIS
PICTURE
IS RATED
 sedrin

FOWL PLAY DEPT.



MAJOR HAWKS

HAWKS & DOVES



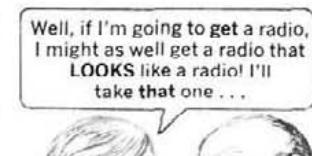
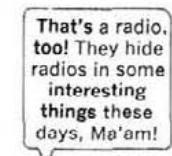
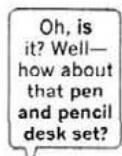
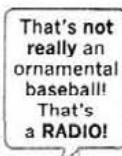
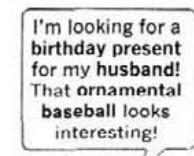
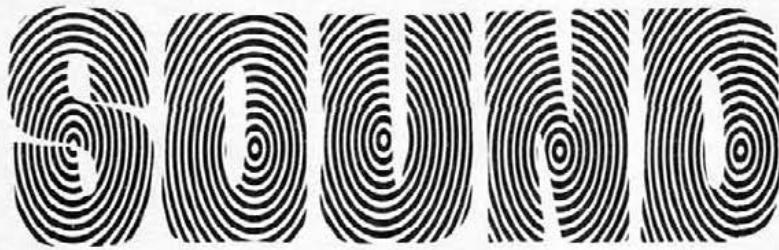
ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE



PRIVATE DOVES



THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...





EQUIPMENT

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

That son of ours left his big, complicated Hi-Fi set on! I want to shut it off—but look at all the knobs and switches! How in heck do you do it??

Hah! Listen to the big leading member of the Women's Lib Movement asking her male chauvinist husband how to handle electronic equipment!

Your mouth may be going all the time, demanding equality with men—but, as you can see, you're not our equals when it comes to technology or complicated machinery!

Admit you're inferior in many areas, and I'll show you how simple it is!

Okay! Okay! I'm an inferior female! Now—show me how to shut the darn thing off!!

You pull out the plug!



That's not a radio!
That's a whiskey flask!

Oh, my goodness!
What happened to you??

I . . . I just took a terrible beating! I—I was completely surrounded by FOUR of them! Two were hitting me from the front, and two from the rear!

Four big hoodlums??

No . . . four big LOUDSPEAKERS!!

Our son just demonstrated the new stereo tape player he installed in his car!



Oh, boy! Oh, boy!
It's snowing! That means my school will be closed an' I won't have to go!

Don't be so sure, smarty! Turn on the radio! If it IS closed, they announce it on the air!

Aw, that radio's been giving me nothing but trouble lately! Don't bother to turn it on! It hardly ever works!

It seems to be working fine!

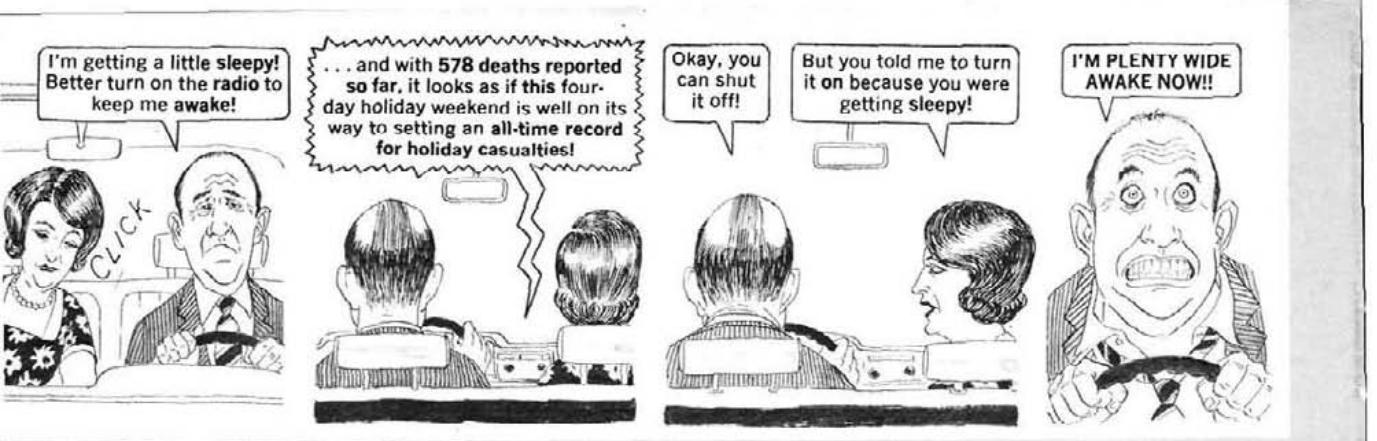
... and despite the storm, all schools will be open today!

DARN!!

Okay, Buster! You heard it yourself! Now get dressed, and go to school!

Seel? I told you that radio gives me nothing but trouble!!







A radio? Are you still using that old "has-been"?! Like, get with it, Man! Radios are out!

Cassettes, Man! That's what's "in" today! Cassettes! Anybody who listens to a radio . . . with all those commercials and boring D. J.'s . . . has gotta be out of his ever-lovin' mind!

And you're in control, Man! You make your own program! You can get anything you want on a Cassette today!

Really? Can you get what I'm listening to . . . ? Today's football game?!



Hi, Sidney!
What's new?

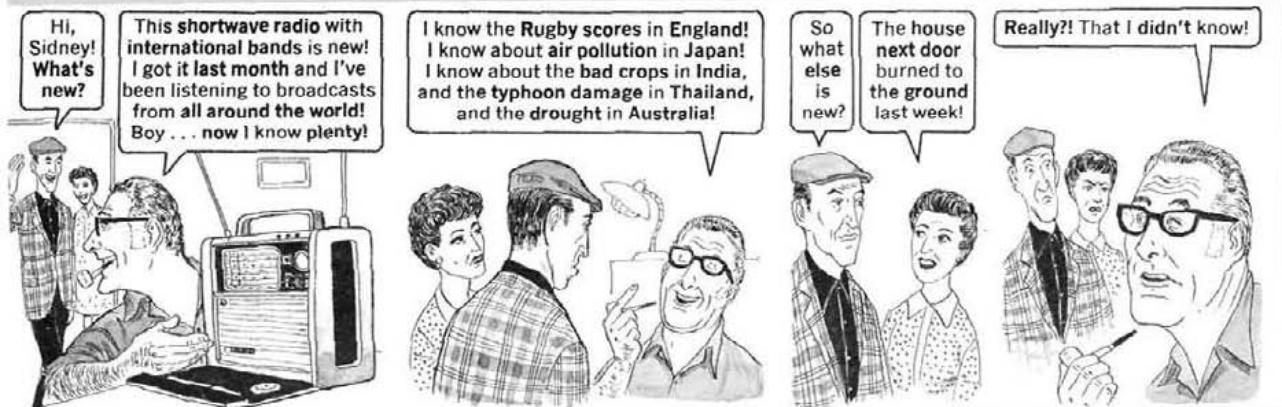
This shortwave radio with international bands is new! I got it last month and I've been listening to broadcasts from all around the world! Boy . . . now I know plenty!

I know the Rugby scores in England! I know about air pollution in Japan! I know about the bad crops in India, and the typhoon damage in Thailand, and the drought in Australia!

So what else is new?

The house next door burned to the ground last week!

Really?! That I didn't know!



WILL YOU STOP TALKING SO LOUD?! I'M TRYING TO STUDY!

WILL YOU STOP VACUUMING SO LOUD?! I'M TRYING TO STUDY!

WILL YOU STOP PLAYING SO LOUD?! I'M TRYING TO STUDY!

WILL YOU STOP STUDYING SO LOUD!!!



Did you hear that News broadcast?! I tell you, the world is going mad! I'm sick with worry over what's happening today!

I know what you mean! I feel the same way when I listen to the radio!

I don't know what you guys are talking about! I'M not worried at all!

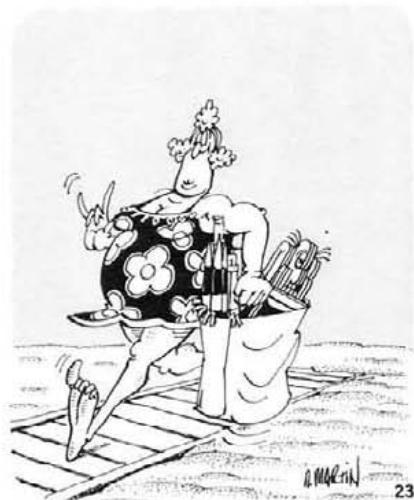
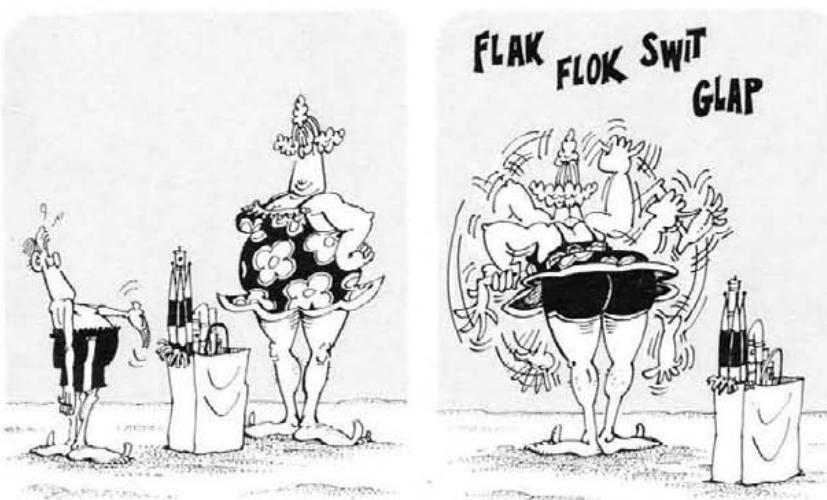
Y-YOU'RE NOT WORRIED?! Listen—anybody who's not worried nowadays ought to have his head examined!!

Never mind his head!

First . . . he ought to have his RADIO examined!!

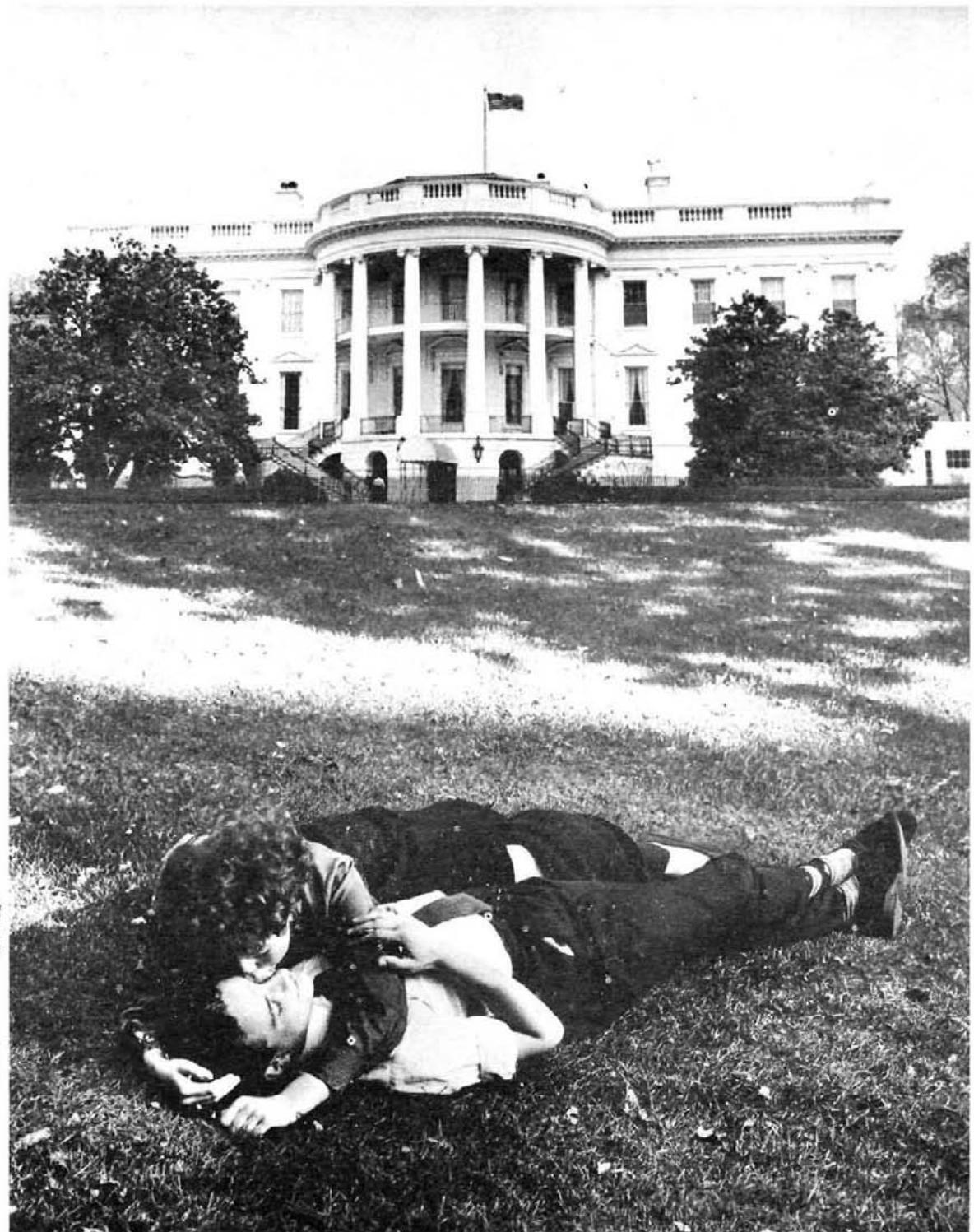


ONE AFTERNOON AT THE BEACH



MAD MINI-POSTER DEPT.

MAKE LOVE



CONCEIVED BY MAX BRANDEL



...NOT WAR



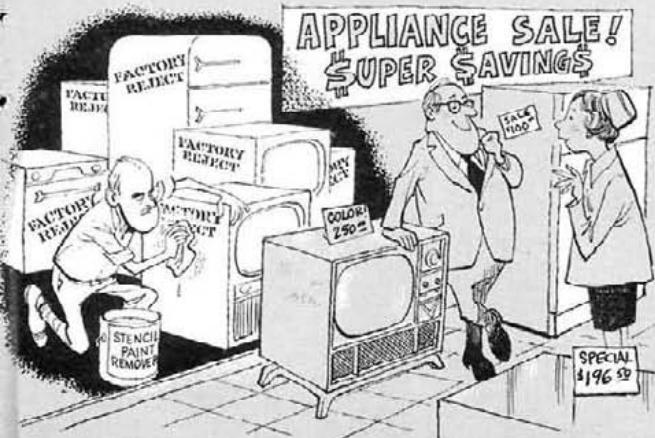
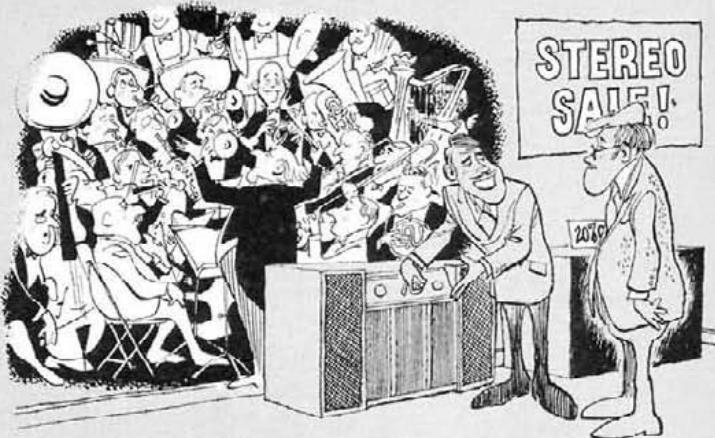
EVERYTHING'S COMING UP SUB ROSA DEPT.

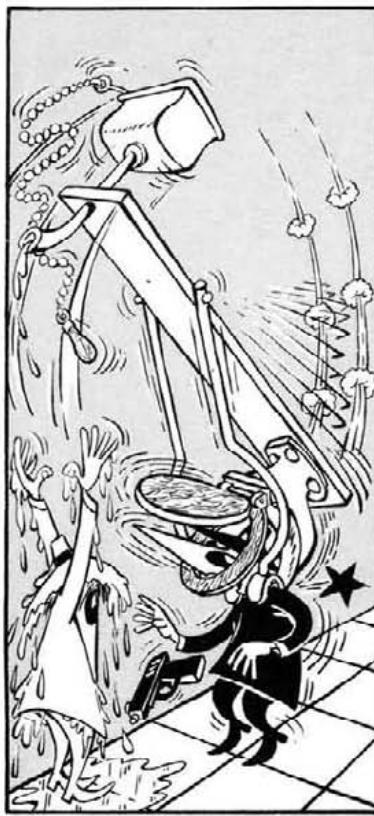
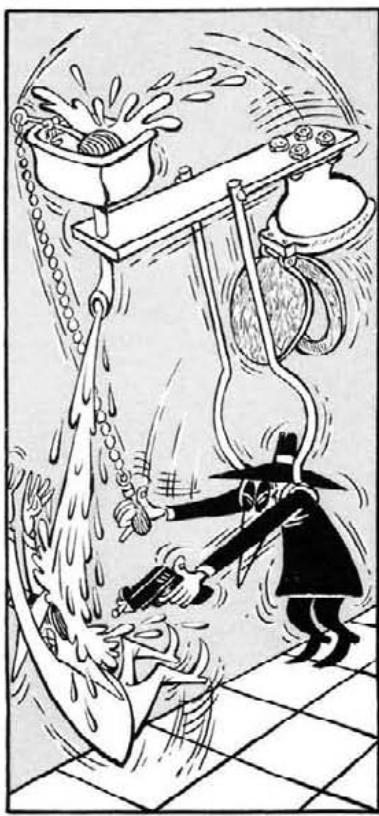
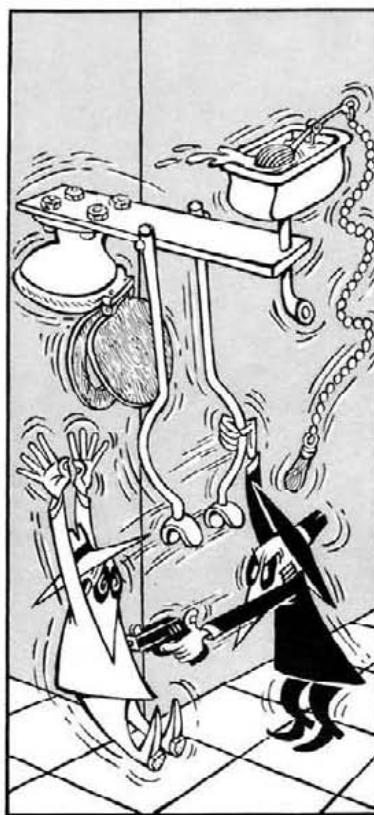
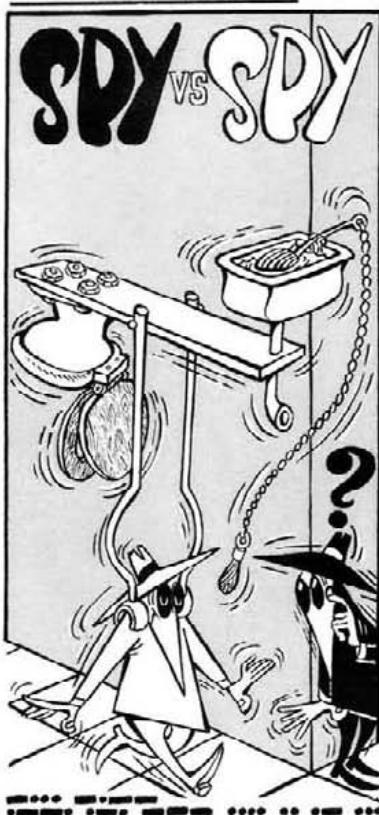
A
COLLECTION OF

MAD



X-RAYVINGS





FORCED-FEDS DEPT.

From time to time, the F.B.I. has been severely criticized for the way it handles its affairs. However, in the series presented each week on television, the F.B.I. is depicted as handling matters in a way that would hardly even raise an eyebrow. Which is why we call our version of this show



THE F.I.B.*

**Editor's Note: One of the sponsors of this weekly TV series is a leading automobile manufacturer. From the subtle references and plugs they make throughout the show, see if you can guess which one.*

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

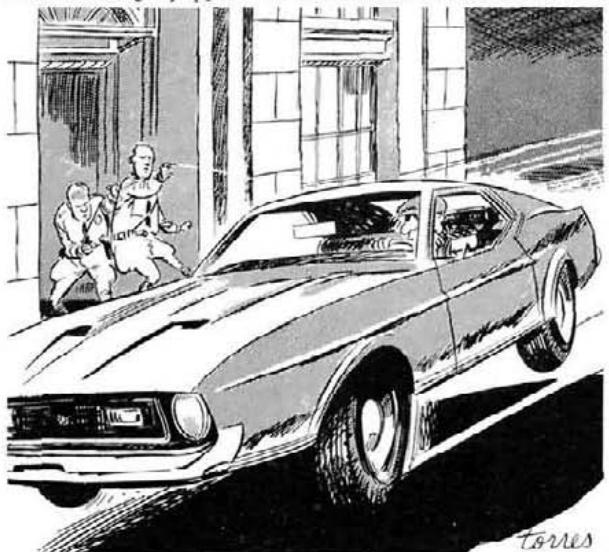
"On October 19th, a man posing as wastepaper basket repairman gained access to the vault of the Last National Bank . . .



"The FIB was called in on the case because among the items missing from the vault were Federal Securities, Government Bonds, and a bunch of Mr. J. Edgar Hoover's trading stamps!



"He escaped from the scene of his crime in a sleek-looking Ford Mustang equipped with bucket seats and stick shift . . .



"FIB Inspector Lucas Oilyskin, along with Special Agent Tame Coldly and Special Guest Agent L.T.D. Thunderbird, following a few slim clues and several fat hunches, found the hide-out of the safe-cracker, who had returned to the scene of the crime and was living in the bank vault . . .



"The safe-cracker was apprehended, and also caught, and sentenced to 99 years in prison. However, his sentence was reduced to 6 months for having the good taste to use a Mustang as the get-away car. The case was closed and—"

Hold it! HOLD IT!! That blabbermouth Narrator has gone **too far!** I don't mind that every week he tells **most** of the story . . . but this time, he's told the **whole thing!!** We're two minutes into the show, and already he's through the Epilog! Now . . . can we please start again with another story? And if that Narrator tells too much **THIS** time, I'll have him arrested for possessing an illegal mouth!



On December 17th, a young woman came into the Washington, D.C., Office and lodged a complaint that her boyfriend had run off with her diamonds. She was told *thmph—phmmmp...*

Okay!
We'll
take
it
from
here!

Sorry, Miss! Unless it's an **inter-State** crime, the FIB can not intercept!

Do you know what State your boyfriend is in now?

I imagine he's in a state of **ecstacy!** Those diamonds were worth a fortune!

Then he's crossed State lines! We'll take the case! Inspector Oilyskin! Would you come in here, please?



I just saw the strangest thing! There's a Ford parked outside!

So?! Ford is one of our sponsors! What's so unusual about seeing one parked outside?

Because **THIS** one is parked outside in your **WAITING ROOM!**

What?! If I told my staff once, I told 'em a thousand times . . . Don't leave cars in the **waiting room!** Park 'em in the **lobby** like I do!



Excuse me!
Hello . . . ?
This is
FIB Chief
Authority
Word
speaking!

This call is to warn you that the students of Finster U. are going to **burn down the School Library, wreck the New Studies Building, and blow up the Science and Computer Laboratory!**

But . . . why are you doing this?

We're protesting violence on campus!! . . . CLICK!!



Looks like we're gonna have some more campus destruction on our hands . . .

Should we get on it right away, Chief?

Don't be ridiculous! We have more important things to concern ourselves with! This lady, for example, has had her diamonds stolen!

And that's more important than campus unrest!

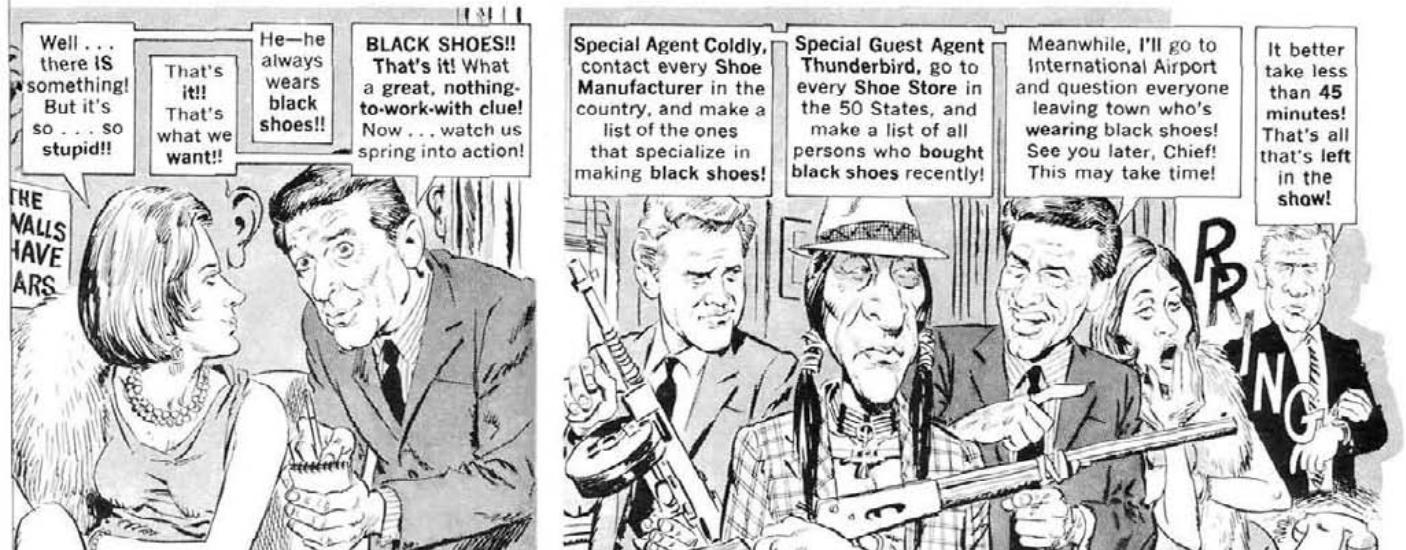
Of course! This is "THE FIB," isn't it? Besides, our TV viewers see campus unrest every night on "The News"! Now a diamond robbery . . . that's different!

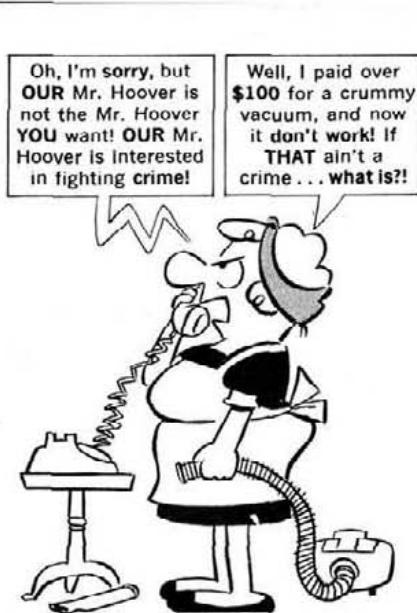
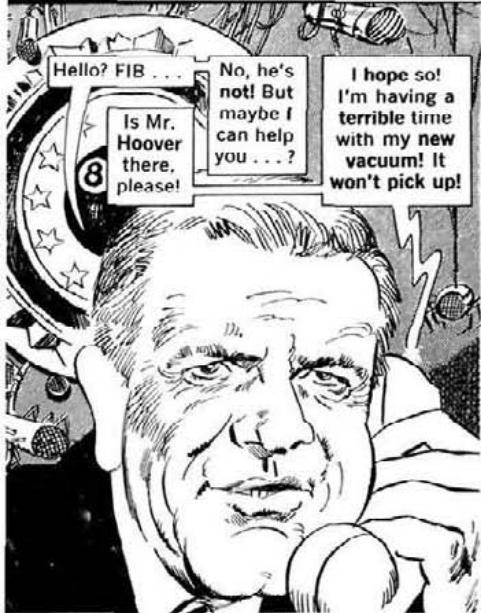
Inspector Oilyskin, meet Miss Jackie Paxton! Now, Miss Paxton . . . suppose you tell us your boyfriend's name?

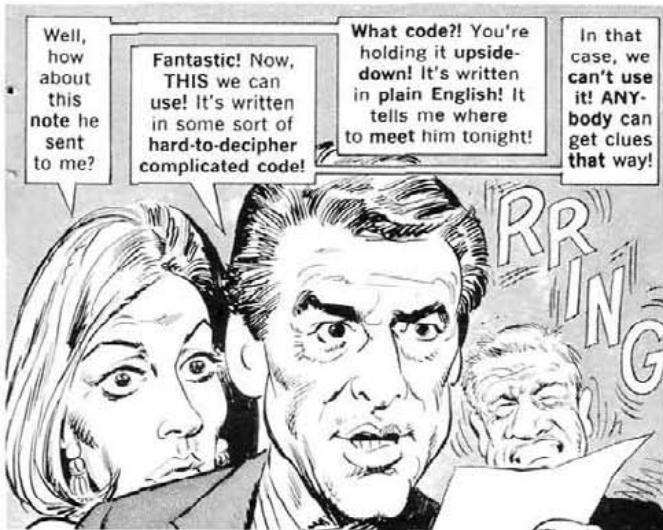
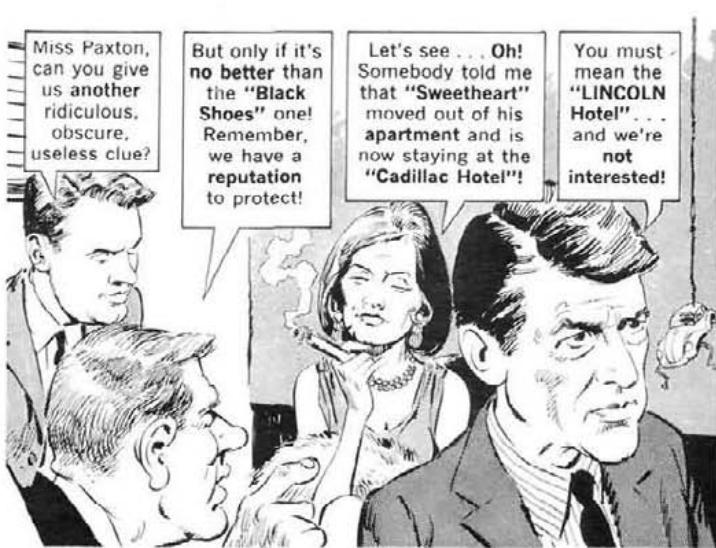
Sweetheart!
"Sweetheart" isn't a name! It's a term of endearment!

Well, that's what I called the bum!!









YAHOO!

Say, this is
more like it,
huh, Luke?

You said it, Coldly! A
good car chase always
gives me a lift when I'm
depressed over a case!

LOOK OUT!! WE'RE
SKIDDING!!

CRASH

Don't
shoot!
I give
up! I
surrender!!

What
are you
talking
about?

Just let me get
my black shoes
and the diamonds
I stole, and you
can take me in!!

Luke! This is
it! It finally
happened! That
lucky break we
get every week!

Gee! Just in
time, too! The
show ends in
four minutes!

Well! It's
good to
see you,
Sweetheart!

It's nice
seeing
you, too,
Darling!!

HMMMM

"And so, 'Sweetheart' was caught, convicted and sent to prison for 40 years! Jackie Paxton got her jewels back! And the men of the FIB went on to another case! This case involved an underworld counterfeit ring run by a man named Sidney Gwir—"

And now, I want
to show you "The
FIB's Ten Most
Wanted Persons"!

First . . .
we need
a good
Producer!

Then . . .
we need
a good
Director!

And we
could use
one or
two good
Scriptwriters!

But what we
REALLY need
are ACTORS!
**GOOD
ACTORS!!**



HUNG UP DEPT.



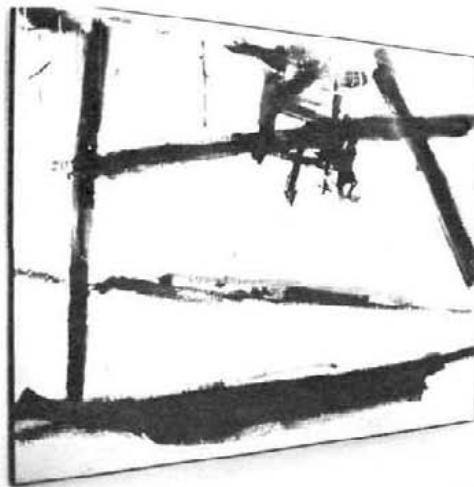
MODERN ART

Superb!



WRITTEN BY: MAX BRANDEL

Fantastic!

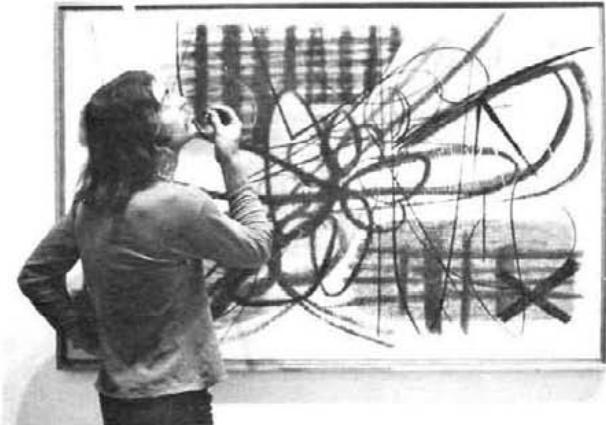


PHOTOGRAPHY: BY IRVING SCHILD

Magnificent!



Inspired!



Perfect!



I don't get it!



TV...AS VIEWED BY



A Crosseyed Rhino



A Rabid Dog



A Bug In A Rug



A Newborn Calf



A Baby Kangaroo



An Amused Ant



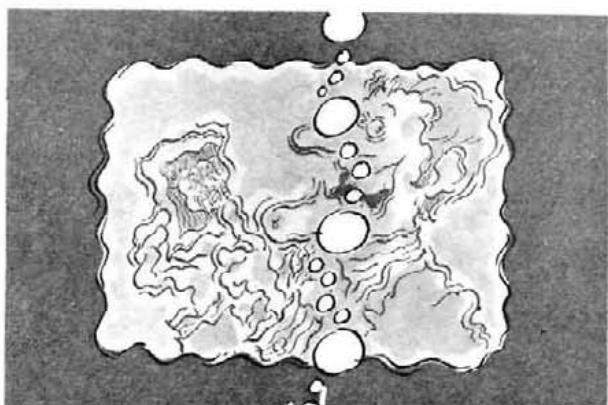
THE ANIMAL WORLD

ARTIST:
PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER:
PAUL PETER PORGES



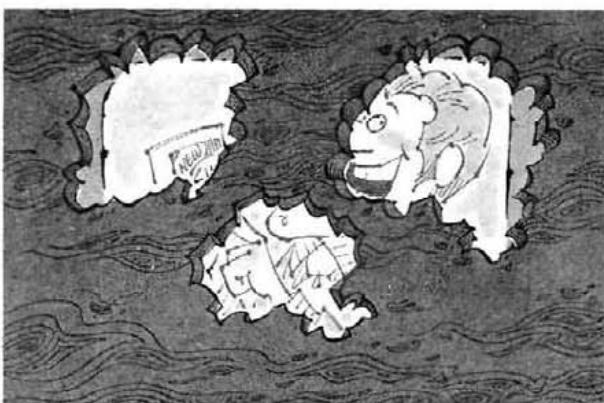
An Introverted Turtle



A Hiccuping Goldfish



A Housebroken Giraffe



A Curious Termite



A Bored Bat



A Compulsive Canary

INSIDE-OUCH DEPT.

Okay, gang, here we go again with another visit behind the scenes of an American institution

A MAD PEEK BEHIND

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS





to discover what new and inventive ways we the people are being shafted. Won't you join us for

THE SCENES AT A RECORDING STUDIO

WRITER: EARLE DOUD

Hey . . .
there's no
toilet bowl
in here!!

I know! They took it out!
Somebody had an idea . . .
and they're recording the
FLUSH in Studio "C"!!

How do you
decide who
records in
what studio?

The most popular,
hottest-selling
groups are
assigned the
larger studios!

I . . . I hear
music coming from
this broom
closet!!

That's right!
The New York
Philharmonic
records
in there!!

MEN

BROOM
CLOSET

We love you, Jerry, and we love you, Buzzy,
and we love you, Mickey, and we love you,
Mickey, and we all cut off our hair and
knitted you sweaters out of it, and we all
ripped out our toenails and made you bracelets
out of them, and we all cut away parts of
our skin and made you wallets, and we all . . .

We're busy, now,
birds! Leave the
junk with our
secretary and
she'll give you
an autographed
picture of us!

Oh-oh! I -- I
think I'm
gonna be
sick to my
stomach!

Quick! Hook
up a mike!
This could
be a HIT
SINGLE!!

Are you kidding?!!
Throw a GROUP
behind him and
this could be a
hit ALBUM!!

Is he a
visiting
dignitary?

No, his last
record was a
smash hit!!

Great!
Now --
what'll
we
record
next?

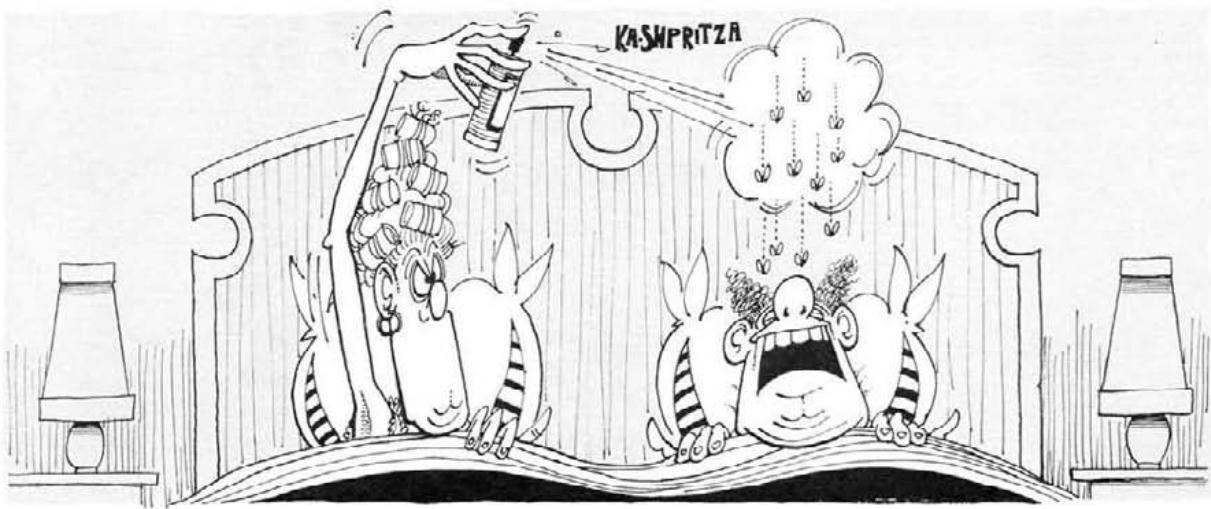
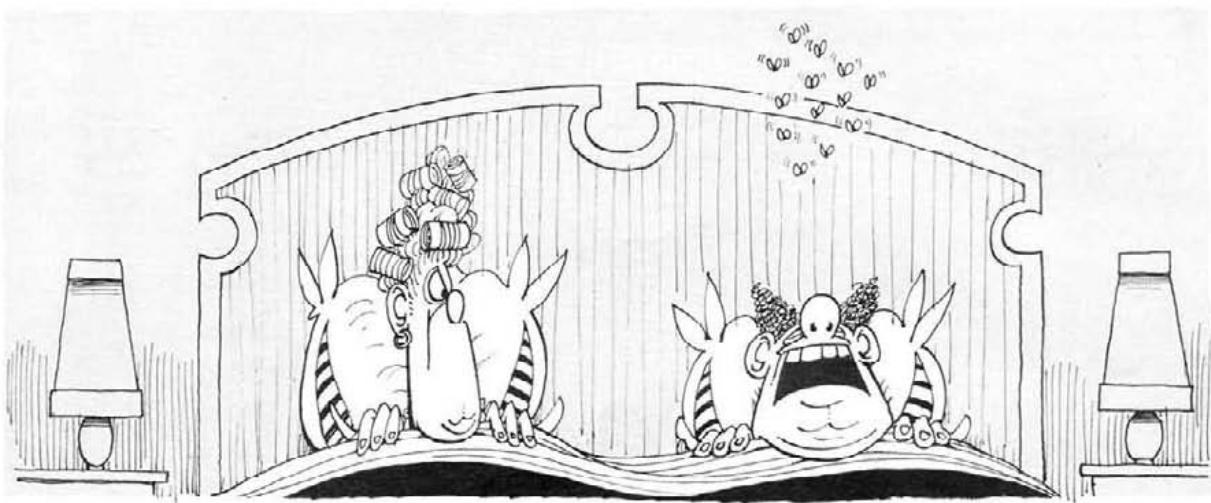
I don't
know!
I don't
care!

What
difference
does it
make,
anyway?

Man, like, we
don't even
remember
what we
recorded last!

Okay!
Then,
let's
record
it
AGAIN!

ONE HOT SUMMER MORNING





It figures! When man becomes confused at the irrationality of the world around him, he looks for meaning, purpose and reason in areas that are often more confusing than the irrationality of the world around him. Don't bother to figure that one out, just read MAD's version of a magazine dedicated to mysticism, and the "Gypsy" in all of us . . .

INCREDIBLE OCCULT MAGAZINE

DECEMBER
1923, 1971, 1989

50c
Cross Our
Palm With
SILVER

The Reincarnation Of
CHARLES DICKENS
Picks Up Our Garbage

★ ★ ★

How The 1965
Venus-Neptune
Conjunction
Ruined My Son's
Bar Mitzvah

★ ★ ★

Palmistry And YOU:

Does Suicide Affect
The Lifeline?

★ ★ ★

My Life As A
Smith-Corona Portable
In Nutley, New Jersey

★ ★ ★

Poltergeists Make
Lousy Lovers

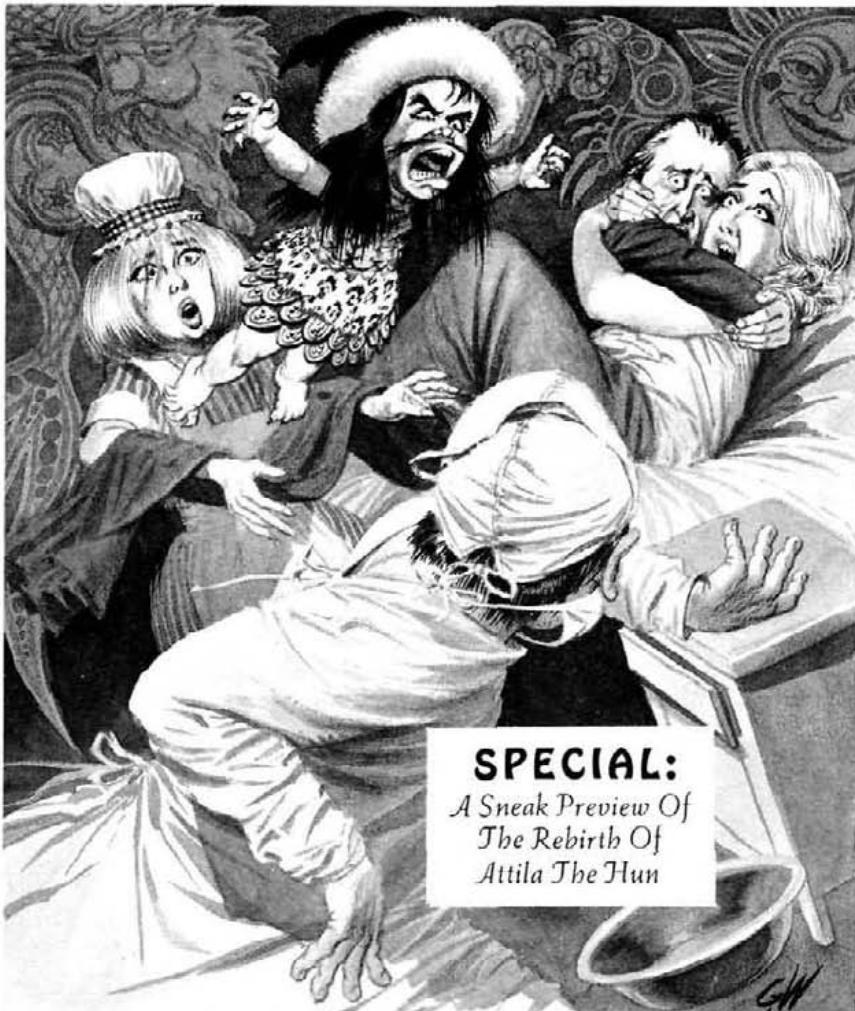
★ ★ ★

Do The Ancients
Communicate With Us
Through Ed Sullivan?

★ ★ ★

How I Drove My
Power Mower To
Anchorage, Alaska
In A Post-Hypnotic
Trance

Combining Astral Digest, Ectoplasm Age,
and The Saturday Evening Post



SPECIAL:
A Sneak Preview Of
The Rebirth Of
Attila The Hun

Pick up these latest

SOUND WAVES from SEANCE RECORDS



On sale now at your local
Occult Record Center



Dear Omar:

According to my horoscope, the entrance of Neptune into Capricorn last year meant it was a good time for investment.

So I poured my life savings into an oil stock which turned out to be phony and I lost every penny, not to mention my car and house. How do you explain this?

N.M.
Wurtsboro, N.Y.

Dear N.M.

Oh, that rascal Neptune! How this naughty planet loves a practical joke! Don't worry, N.M., Neptune always evens things out, and will probably make it up to you when it enters Capricorn next trip around in 2134!

Dear Omar:

I am a Gemini with Uranus in my ninth house, Mercury in my fourth house, and Mars in my first house. What shall I do?

A.K.
Encino, Cal.

Dear A.K.

Move into an apartment.

Dear Omar:

I am a professor of astrophysics at M.I.T. and for 16 years have studied astrology from every aspect. I have concluded that there is absolutely no scientific basis for belief in the movements of the stars and planets.

T.S.
Boston, Mass.

Dear T.S.

Such hare-brained views can seriously mar the efforts of dedicated occultists. The editors of this magazine join me in urging our readers to pay no attention to fuzzy-minded intellectual nuts like yourself. If M.I.T. wasn't a Libra, I'd really fix your wagon!

Dear Omar:

I am a Virgo who is thinking of taking a walk around the block. I never do anything without first checking it out on my chart, but I see no mention of strolling. When is the best time for me to undertake such a venture?

J.D.
Jersey City, N.J.

Dear J.D.

This, of course, depends upon the opposition of Jupiter to Venus. As of last week, they still weren't speaking, so I'm afraid that my answer must be an unqualified "Maybe."

Dear Omar:

Is it true that two people born under the same sign share similar personalities, beliefs, and outlooks?

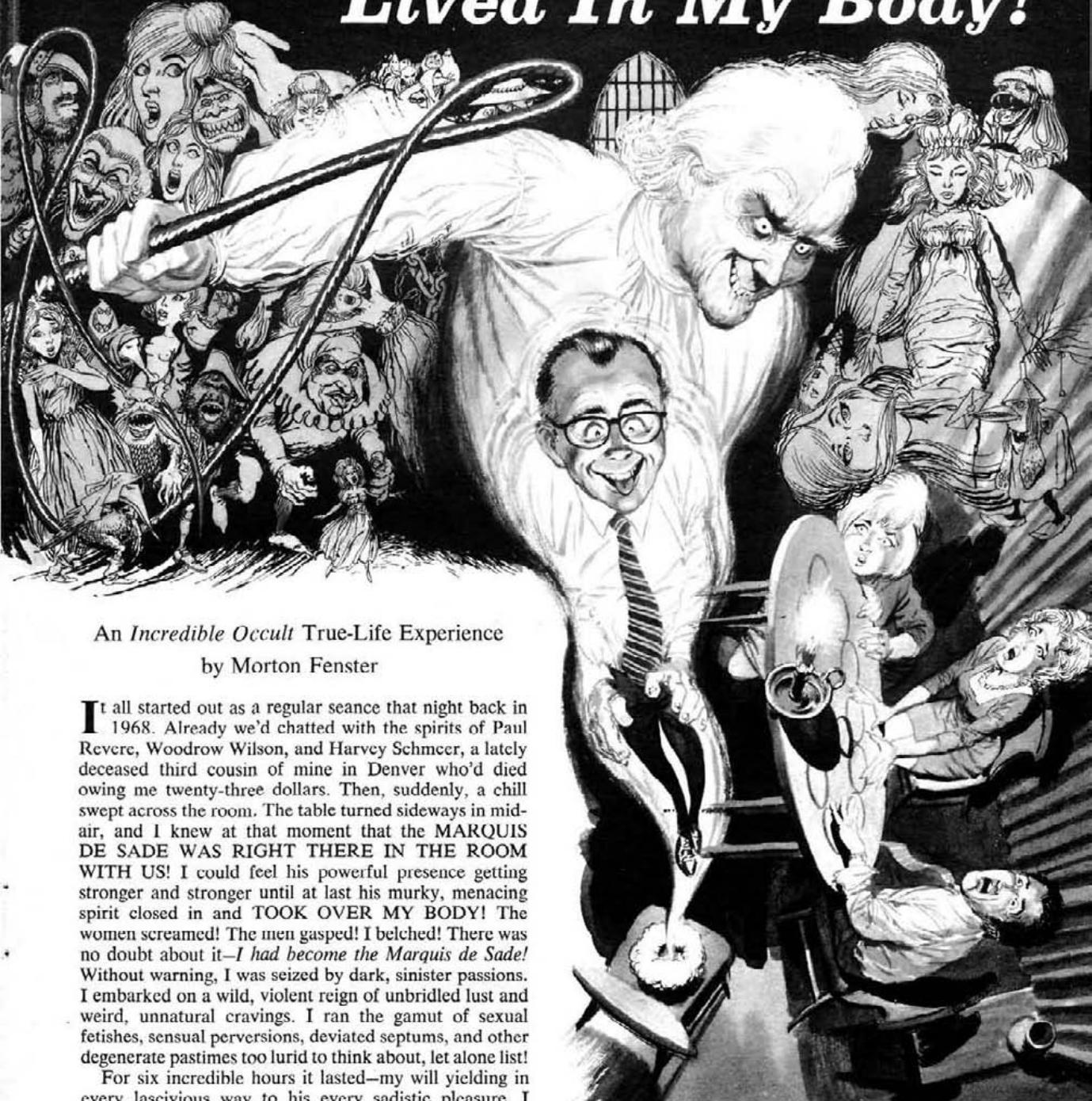
A.B.F.
Candlewood Lake, Conn.

Dear A.B.F.

Yes, absolutely. The following chart will show the marked similarities found in people born under the same sign . . .

AQUARIUS	
William Tecumseh Sherman (Jan. 21)	"Stonewall" Jackson (Feb. 8)
PISCES	
Liz Taylor (Feb. 27)	Pat Nixon (Feb. 9)
AIRES	
Eugene McCarthy (March 29)	Gen. William Westmoreland (March 26)
TAURUS	
Dr. Spock (May 2)	Mayor Daley (May 15)
GEMINI	
Guy Lombardo (June 19)	Paul McCartney (June 16)
CANCER	
Phyllis Diller (July 17)	Gina Lollobrigida (July 4)
LEO	
George Bernard Shaw (July 26)	Casey Stengel (July 30)
VIRGO	
Sophia Loren (Sept. 20)	Twiggy (Sept. 19)
LIBRA	
Truman Capote (Sept. 30)	Mickey Mantle (Oct. 20)
SCORPIO	
Chiang Kai-Shek (Oct. 31)	Mao tse-Tung (Nov. 19)
SAGITTARIUS	
William F. Buckley (Nov. 24)	Abbie Hoffman (Nov. 30)
CAPRICORN	
Joan Baez (Jan. 9)	Barry Goldwater (Jan. 1)

The Marquis de Sade Lived In My Body!



An *Incredible Occult True-Life Experience*
by Morton Fenster

It all started out as a regular seance that night back in 1968. Already we'd chatted with the spirits of Paul Revere, Woodrow Wilson, and Harvey Schmeer, a lately deceased third cousin of mine in Denver who'd died owing me twenty-three dollars. Then, suddenly, a chill swept across the room. The table turned sideways in mid-air, and I knew at that moment that the MARQUIS DE SADE WAS RIGHT THERE IN THE ROOM WITH US! I could feel his powerful presence getting stronger and stronger until at last his murky, menacing spirit closed in and TOOK OVER MY BODY! The women screamed! The men gasped! I belched! There was no doubt about it—I had become the Marquis de Sade! Without warning, I was seized by dark, sinister passions. I embarked on a wild, violent reign of unbridled lust and weird, unnatural cravings. I ran the gamut of sexual fetishes, sensual perversions, deviated septums, and other degenerate pastimes too lurid to think about, let alone list!

For six incredible hours it lasted—my will yielding in every lascivious way to his every sadistic pleasure. I struggled to break free, and finally rallied the forces of my own strong moral fiber and righteous indignation to scream:

“Go away, Marquis! GO AWAY!”

And suddenly, as quickly as he came, he was gone. I was possessed no more! I was no longer the Marquis de Sade;

I was Morton Fenster! No longer a creature of lust craving every carnal pleasure; but a balding tax accountant living with my wife and three kids in Muncie, Indiana. And suddenly I found myself screaming:

“Come back, Marquis! COME BACK!”
But it was too late. The Marquis had (Cont. on page 57)

INCREDIBLE OCCULT CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE

Slightly used crystal ball. Barely gazed at. Used only for an hour each Sunday by a 78-year-old widow schoolteacher to talk to her departed husband. Best offer takes. Box 703

PERSONAL

Want to talk with God? Call Me collect. (819) 993-4909

Okay, Brutus! I know you're reincarnated out there somewhere! Be a man for once and let's have it out—just you and me! Don't bring your friends! Write to me: J. Caesar, c/o Schwartz, 41 Elm, Oakville, Kansas

Milton, my only begotten son. Mars is in Libra, Saturn is in Pisces, and you still want to marry that fortune-hunting slut from Dallas! Heed the stars before I have a heart attack! And wear your galoshes, Mother!

I am the reincarnation of Hokar, the 12th High Priestess of the Fallon's, a civilization vanished into the Indian Ocean. I would like to meet a nice Albuquerque dentist. Box 252

WANTED TO TRADE

Will swap a 12th century Ethiopian poltergeist with a sinus condition for two decks of Tarot cards. Box 5

FOR RENT

Will supply sleep-in apparitions, poltergeists, etc., for haunting. Send for list of satisfied customers, rate scale, particulars. Apparitions Unlimited, Box 32

GUIDANCE SOUGHT

Would appreciate some occultist telling me why my Ouija board spells only four-letter words. Philip Roth, Box 96

BLACK MAGIC

Possessed by demons? Plagued by evil spirits? You need CURSE-OFF, the new miracle curse remover in the aerosol can. Fight old curses the modern way for only \$4.98. CURSE-OFF, Box 13, Wingbat, Ohio

Pestered by obnoxious neighbors? A mean boss? A nagging wife? You need CURSE-ON, the new miracle curse invoker in the aerosol can. Apply new curses the modern way for only \$4.98. CURSE-ON, Box 711, Wingbat, Ohio

You are reading this ad. You are absorbing its meaning. You are putting a ten-dollar bill in an envelope and mailing it to Zarkov the Hypnotist, Box 414.

the occult GRAPEVINE

Mystic Meanderings for the Cosmic Community by Claire Voyant

It's all over with Jomar and Zelda Mishkin (she's the medium). Seems Jomar didn't approve of the week-end Zelda spent in Cleveland with Benjamin Franklin (that D.O.M.) . . . A hearty "Welcome back" to Pittsburgh mystic Brahma Bregstein who's home after spending a well-earned vacation visiting friends in 1981 . . . Vibrate your cosmic condolences to these ill-starred occultists: To karma victim Mauve Muncief, an Aquarius-Pisces cusp who lost her court battle to legally change her sign; and to Automatic-Writing Wizard Lance Wickwire, who is serving two years in prison for writing John Paul Getty's name on checks while in a trance.

* * * *

A tip of the psychic hat to super-seer Joshua Freen for correctly predicting the date of his rebirth . . . Numerologists Eric Omicron and Seth Sholtar are still exchanging death curses. The feud flared up when Seth accused Eric of trying to 18 his 46 . . . Baltimore occultists are giving the cold-shoulder treatment to Tea-Leaf Reader Phaedra Dinwiddie. Seems she undercharged a customer, then compounded her goof by predicting a piece of bad news . . . Lincoln, Nebraska's own Abner Meerchaum has become the first Earthling to ride in the new "Jumbo" flying saucer. "There's a lot more room," says Meerchaum, "and it gets you to Orion in half the time despite the fact that we had to circle Betelgeuse Airport for more than a lightyear."



After feuding for fifteen years, rival occultists Orion O'Ryan (left) and Booker Bokar flipped a coin to settle once and for all who was the true reincarnation of Napoleon. Bokar lost and is now seeking the cosmic rights to Alexander the Great.



Sorcerer Presto Pollack has moved back in with his wife after a 6 month separation. Presto solved his domestic problems by turning his mother-in-law into a Beagle.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW DEPT: Casiopeia Waxrush, first mystic to prove that hamsters meditate, is now a Rosicrucian recruiter in Milwaukee . . . Draco Donnelly, who 20 years ago discovered William Shakespeare's ghost in a Kansas City Super-market, is now a door-to-door mandala-mender in Santa Barbara . . . Capella Calhoun, the former Miss Demon-Worship of 1949, runs a boarding house for retired apparitions in West Orange, N.J.

* * * *

BIRTH NOTES: It's a boy for Madam Myra the Medium. The father is most likely Jacques Casanova . . . It's a future automobile salesman who'll marry an airline stewardess and settle down in Altoona for prophet Lee Lumbar and his lovely wife Lulu.

* * * *

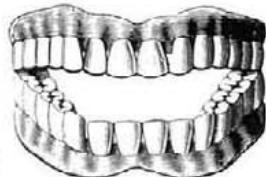
Occult insiders expect Vulcan Freen to walk off with the "Sorcerer-of-the-Year" Award. Vulcan won plaudits for his recent conjuring in a New York City restaurant when he actually made a waiter materialize . . . LOOK ALIKES DEPT: Quandra Muldoon, authoress of "How To Win At Tarot Cards," and Satan.

* * * *

HOW ABOUT THAT? DEPT: During the recent favorable Venus-Saturn conjunction, Astrologer Mandrake Meerchaum was wiped out in the stock market, broke both legs in a Yoga experiment, and lost his home in a four-alarm fire. Undaunted, Mandrake will sue the Solar System.

FREE! A LIFE-SIZE REPLICA OF
AN ALBINO WARLOCK'S DENTURE

When You Join The



Cult-Of-The-Month Club

Now you can share the Mystic Experiences of the Newest Religious Cults RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME! Each month you will receive appropriate amulets, robes, incantations, pledges, bat tongues, candles, stag films, incense—everything you need to participate in the secret RITES of the Club's MONTHLY OFFERING!

HERE IS A PREVIEW OF THE FABULOUS CULTS TO COME...

THE SEVENTH CHURCH OF OOG



Headquartered in an abandoned comfort station in beautiful downtown Fresno, The CHURCH OF OOG believes in the divinity of the earlobe. Members meditate alternate Thursdays wearing see-through shrouds of luminous Mediterranean algae.

THE SHRINE OF JOE PEPITONE



This cult possesses divine proof that the spirit of Joe Pepitone lives in six-year-old Francie Gretzer of Morgantown, West Virginia. Bi-weekly seances are conducted by an Appalachian Poltergeist named Floyd.

THE VIBRATORY SYNOD



These cultists have uncovered a set of Atlantean stone obelisks which give off vibrations corresponding to each member's Zip Code number. On their high holy days, members all prostrate themselves before a giant locust idol made of styrofoam.

GLUB



This spiritual group gets its name from the last word spoken by the prophet Leonard when he was drowned in a vat of rose-water by Satan. Fellow cultists exorcise sin by flogging each other with rutabaga leaves.

KARMA-BY-THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA

Yay! I want to enroll in your club. I enclose \$25.00 plus twelve drops of my blood arranged in a semi-circle on a parchment of rotting moleskin. I understand that for every 3 cults I join, I get to form a fourth cult, absolutely free. I may terminate membership at any time after accepting three choices if I dare!

Name _____

REAL Name _____

Address _____

Blood Type _____

Age _____

(Persons under 21 require a letter of consent from parent, living or dead.)

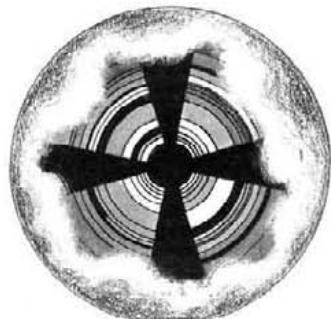


YOU AND YOUR CRYSTAL BALL

by Minerva, the Medium Rare

THIS MONTH: *Gazing At a Departed Loved One*

GETTING AN IMAGE



As in most cases, the first images to appear are hazy and cloud-like. They will gradually transform into a more definite pattern as you concentrate.



Focus your eyes on the diffused shapes, your mind on the spirit of a departed loved one. You'll sense, subtly at first, his presence about to materialize.



As the shapes take definite form, do not act surprised or shocked if he appears unpresentable. After all, he probably wasn't expecting company!

CORRECTING A FAULTY IMAGE



"Rear projection" is a common mistake of the novice gazer and can be easily rectified by turning the ball around. You're facing the wrong side, dummy!



A "split image" is the result of your concentrating on two departed loved ones at the same time. Don't be greedy—remove one of them from your thoughts!



Should you contact someone else's Uncle Max by mistake, apologize and the image will leave. Notify your Cosmos Supervisor so you won't be charged for the recall.

COMMON GAZING PROBLEMS



The situation above illustrates a simple case of *bad timing*. The problem is that your Uncle Max is currently appearing in the crystal ball of one of your relatives.



Even *worse timing*! Your Uncle Max has reincarnated as a goat in the mountains of Bulgaria. Don't waste time contacting him—he's even less coherent than before!

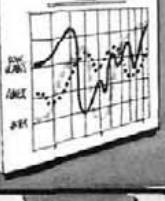


Interference is usually caused by a faulty psychic transmitter, jamming by a jealous poltergeist, or cosmic overload (there's a lot of it going around).

We really go out on a limb with...

INCREDIBLE OCCULT'S "DARING DOZEN"

12 Psychic Predictions for the Next 12 Months*

1		7	
2		8	
3		9	
4		10	
5		11	
6		12	

*NOTE: In previous years, our annual psychic predictions have proven to be 97% accurate!

GIVE HIM SUPPORT
FROM THE STARS...

Give Him A
ZODIAC TRUSS
for His Birthday!



Each one hand-painted with a different sign of the Zodiac by a workman born under that sign. Only \$24.95 each (except for Sagittarius, which costs a dollar-sixty more).

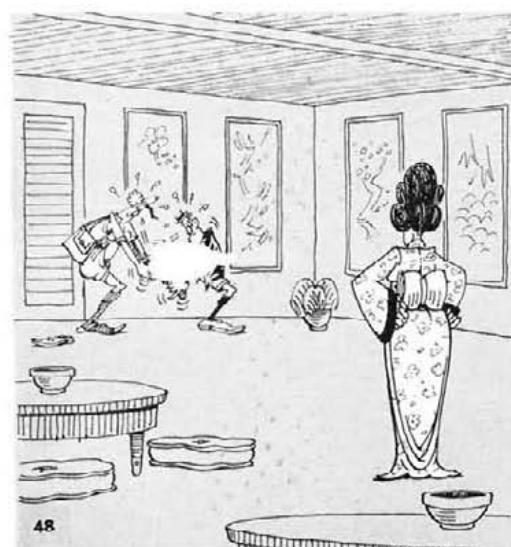
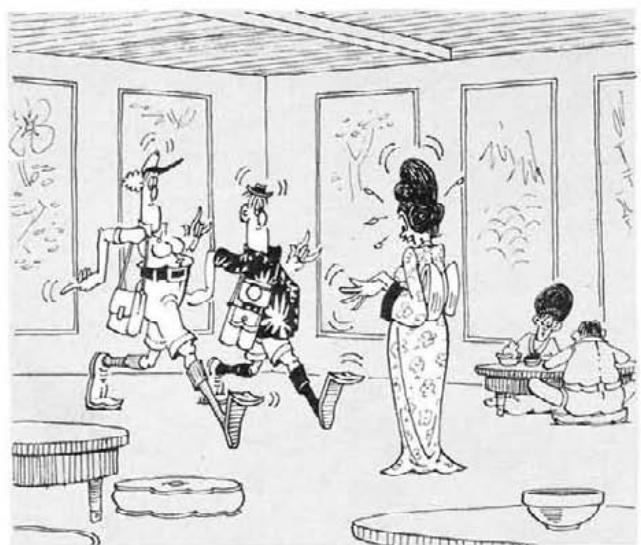
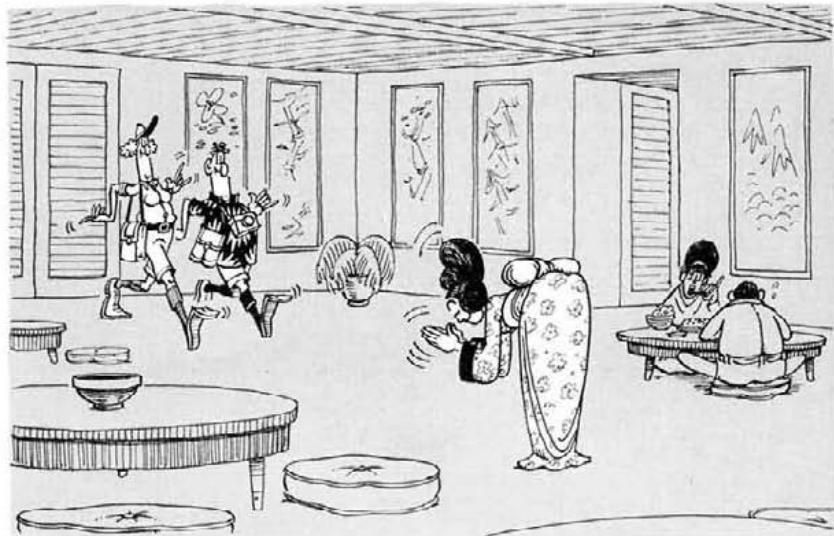
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or wherever fine astrological
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COMING UP NEXT MONTH:

We decided *not* to tell you! Anyone with half an ounce of ESP knows already!

THE AMERICAN TOURISTS IN A TOKYO RESTAURANT



WHAT DEADLY
MISSIONS
ARE MORE
AND MORE
SERVICEMEN
VOLUNTARILY
GOING ON?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER REVOLTING
MAD FOLD-IN

In modern warfare, hazardous situations are commonplace. But lately, many of our American servicemen are exposing themselves to new and unnecessary dangers. To find out what these often fatal skirmishes are, fold in the page.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A►

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

►B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



DRAWING HAZARDOUS DUTY ASSIGNMENTS MAY BUG
MOST SERVICEMEN. BUT MANY ARE ACTUALLY
TRIFLING WITH DEATH VOLUNTARILY—THE CREEPS

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A►

►B

A SCENE WE'D HATE TO SEE

THE MORNING DELIVERY

